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BOOK REVIEWS

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A DELIGHTFUL addition to the home library is the "Art Life of William Morris Hunt," by Helen M. Knowlton. Hunt died in 1879, and was not, perhaps, as appreciated as he might have been. But his name nevertheless is a notable one in the annals of American art, for he was one of the first great technicians whose influence was strongly felt. The author of this work has added greatly to the Art Literature of America in setting forth in so clear, and concise, and able a manner, the career of this eminent painter, as well as giving able criticism on his most important works. It is delightful to dwell on the chord of sympathy existing between Millet, the French painter of peasantry, and William Morris Hunt. The latter imbibed all he could from foreign environment, but he returned to his native land uncontaminated by foreign influence, and settling in Boston, applied himself faithfully to his art and to the promotion of art in general among his countrymen. William Morris Hunt was free from the taint of professional jealousy, therefore he was very helpful in his companionship with other artists who had not enjoyed the same advantages as himself. In 1869 Hunt was asked by the trustees of Harvard College, to recommend to them a good teacher of drawing. His reply was: "I can't do it; and it's your own fault. You spend thousands of dollars finding out how many legs a bug has; but if a poor fellow wants to learn art, not a bit of help will he get from anybody. He has to work it out alone. Can you get good teachers out of such?" There is much interesting anecdote in this work, and the author brings the reader in touch with the loving and lovable personality of the man. William Morris Hunt was one of the American Masters of Art, although there are writers on this subject that begrudgingly grant him this classification. He imparted new life and vigor to the art of his country; he worked sincerely and faithfully toward the establishment of a typical American Art. One of the most charming chapters in this interesting work, is that relating to Hunt as a mural artist—his commission to decorate the Assembly Chamber in the Capitol at Albany—his unbounded delight in his work—the enthusiasm with which he conceived the plan of the "Discoverer," being a representation of the story of Columbus. But space forbids our dwelling in detail on this and the other mural decorations, in which the artist embodied the ambition

and hope of a life's study. The work must be read. It should be read by all interested not only in the art of his country but by every one whose heart throbs with pride at the memory of one who has added a star to the glory and honor of his native land. This work contains fifteen exquisite photogravures after some of Mr. Hunt's most prominent works, and is artistically printed and bound. (Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

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"Terra Cotta—A study of Life in the Clay," is disposed to mislead by its title, as one would naturally infer it was a work devoted to the study of the potter's art. And who shall say after a perusal of its pages, that it is not? Yet it is to all intents and purposes a novel, and a beautiful story at that. You may extract a moral from it if you are looking for one. If you are looking for a good, wholesome story containing a mixture of humor, pathos and tragic incident you also have it charmingly set before you. "Terra Cotta," by the way, is a sobriquet bestowed on a gentle, good woman, who through no fault of her own suffers much sorrow and tribulation. The character is roundly developed and the Christian graces implied are like spots of sunlight sifting through the leafage of shadowy byways. The story is laid in Colorado and the author gives us a series of pen pictures which are delightful. "The majestic, pine-plumed mountains in the background rose with the soft blending of green and brown and red, overcast with the purple haze of gathering shadows. The dreamy dimness of canyons and passes were filled with haunting suggestions of the exiled Red Man pining for the heritage of his fathers. Fanciful shapes, wrought from remembered legends of the past, seemed to flit along the trails; gray shadows of graceful, light-footed pronghorns, and the stealthily-creeping huntsman, banished now from these sequestered paths and sheltered keeps, and from this abode of the Manitou, his god. The gurgling murmur of the cascaded mountain streams falling for ever downwards, and the monotonous sob and swish of the wind-stirred pines, added their subtle influence to the scene. With this harmonious setting about her, the woman stood for a few moments caressing the head of her rugged animal, while she gave some directions to the guide boy, who, with the bridle of his own animal over his arm, and